

Attack of the Killer Zombies!

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Summary: In the traditon of cheeze horror movies, Angel and the gang take on an army of Zombies and a necromancer.

Attack of the Killer Zombies!

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>

"Attack of The Killer Zombies"

Cordelia's vision had brought them here, and they were waiting. Her vision had been rather vague, just an address and a pentagram. The address was the Angelus Rosedale Cemetery, which, Angel fount sort of ironic.
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The ragtag team of demon hunters stood in the graveyard and waited. For what, each of them had a guess. A cool breeze played with the tails of Angel's duster as he waited. He looked up at the full moon and thought for a moment of werewolves. Maybe a werewolf would run ramped through the graveyard tonight.
>

Or not.
>

Cordelia's vision had included a pentagram, which usually signified dark magics. Wesley adjusted his glasses and asked, "What are we intending to look for?"
>

Angel was quiet, as of habit and that he was thinking. It had been a very long time since all of them had set foot in a graveyard. Angel had almost forgotten how quiet they were. In a city the size of Los

Angeles one couldn't patrol every cemetery, it would be pointless. But Cordelia's vision had brought them here.

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"A pentagram thingie," Cordelia answered as she peered around the graves, following Angel's lead. Angel smiled for a moment before he continued the search around the graves.

>

It was quiet, but the phrase "Quiet as death," didn't fit because most deaths were not quiet. Most dead wasn't quiet, and Angel was unliving proof of that. He studied the graves. There were many from different decades and different styles. There were simple ones like read, "RIP Justin Goldsmith, 1945-1987." There were complicated ones as well, like the one with a statue of the Angel of Death watching the trio from its perch. Angel found the icon a little disturbing.

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Moonlight blanked the grounds in a ghostly shroud, making every thing have a silvery aura. Angel continued to look around the graveyard, remembering when he was a child how afraid of cemeteries he had been. How afraid that the dead would crawl up from the grave and snatch him up. His father had told him that such fears were ridiculous. Poor bastard, he had been so wrong, in fact, a dead man had killed him. Ripped out his throat and drank his blood, reveling in every moment of it.

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Angel inwardly shuttered. Wesley asked, "Do you sense anything, is something wrong?" He sounded so excited as he clutched his fighting axe in his hands.

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Then, suddenly, the air changed. Angel's senses became on full alert as he looked around. The air became charged around him. He could feel it. It was calling to him, then, somehow, it realized what he was, and left him alone.

>

"Did you feel that?" he whispered.

>

"Feel what?" Cordelia asked.

>

Angel groped for the words to describe it, "The air, it was charged with some kind of energy. It . . . called for me for a moment, then it almost realized what I was and left me alone." The air was still cracking with energy, pulsing around him, looking for avenues to let the power go.

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"Magic," he whispered.

>

"I don't hear a spell being cast," Wesley said as he looked around.

>

Then Angel heard this chant:

Dead, awaken,

Dead, arise,

Dead, hear my command,

Dead! Come to life!

By the power of blood and bone,

Awake, rise, do my bidding!

As I say it, so shall it be!

>

"That doesn't sound too good," Cordelia chimed in.

>

"A necromancy spell, but it doesn't sound familiar," Wesley pondered.

>

Angel was quiet. As one of the dead, but not, he could feel the powerful magic rip through the grave, but not touch him. Lightning crackled. Angel had always wondered why it did that when a spell was cast in a grave, there was no reason for it.

>

Then the ground started to groan. Cordelia screamed and jumped out of the way as a hand dug itself from a grave. It was bloated, rotting, grayish-green flesh and showing parts of bone on where the skin had rotted away. The stench was awful, especially to Angel, whose senses were keener than his human companions. Another hand followed it, then a head, with only one eye that was wrinkled, grey mush, stringy, grey hair, and parts of its flesh falling off of his face. Soon, the zombie had dug itself out of the grave.

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Cordelia screamed. Wesley brought his axe into position. Angel watched it as it fumbled away from them. It should have attacked, it needed flesh and blood after transformation. "Damn powerful necromancer," he murmured to himself as he watched more dead claw themselves out of their graves.

>

Rotting, flesh-shedding, corpses staggered to life, ignoring Angel, and taking a momentary interest in Cordelia and Wesley before staggering the way that the first zombie went. He said, "Come on, the necromancer's calling them."

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He started to follow the zombies, Wesley following him, and Cordelia grumbling, "Follow them? I should ask for a raise."

>

>

Angel made sure that his two human employees stayed right behind him. If a human was bit by a zombie, then they too would change into one

of the undead, and in Angel's opinion, that it was much nicer to be a demon-infested corpse than a mindless zombie. Angel kept moving behind them at a safe distance. And, to keep some distance away from the sweet stench of rotting flesh and stagmented blood.

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Cordelia whispered, "How do you kill a zombie?"

>

Angel answered, "Destroy its head. A bullet will work, but beheading is the surest method."

>

She held up her crossbow and asked, "Will this work?"

>

"Yeah, just aim for the head," he told her as he drew his broadsword from his duster.

>

"Amazing," Wesley murmured, "The necromancer is raising an army, but for what purpose?"

>

Cordelia quipped, "Maybe he wants some company."

>

Angel smirked at that. He said, "Well, whatever they want, they won't get it. We'll kill them first."

>

"The zombies or the necromancer?" Wesley asked.

>

Angel simply answered, "Both, now come on."

>

Wesley rolled his eyes and said, "Well, of course, why didn't I think of that?"

>

"Because you're not Angel," Cordelia told him cheerfully. Again, Angel smirked. Then his expression became grim as the zombies stopped.

>

He couldn't count them all. There were so many. They were in different stages of decay, some freshly buried in their Sunday Best, others so old that they were mainly skeletons with strips of flesh and tissue clinging to their pale grayish-brown bones, and the various stages in between. Of course, the stench was awful. He grimaced as he watched them.

>

Then he saw the necromancer. He was standing on top of a crypt, with a black Druadic robe flapping in the cool breeze. His shroud was thrown back to reveal a young man with angular features, extremely pale skin, even though he was alive, pale blond hair and icy blue eyes. He was very tall and slender. Cordelia was bigger around than the Aryan Necromancer. But Angel could sense his power, and he had a

lot of it.

>

Then, he smelled over the stench of the dead to inhale the sweet aroma of fresh goat's blood. A pentagram was drawn in salt and traced in blood on the grass. Black candles flickered in the breeze around the circle. There was the dead goat in the center of the pentagram, along with a small black sack of herbs used in casting.

>

One goat for all these zombies, that was impossible. He must have a lot of power then. Angel tensed up, on guard. One of his favorite rules was: "Never doubt a witch or warlock's power. You never can be quite sure of what they can do."

>

"Hey, he's hot for a guy who raises dead guys," Cordelia said.

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"But, all these zombies with just one goat, Angel, that's nearly impossible, "Wesley whispered to him.

>

Angel shook his head and whispered back, "Not if he's a natural necromancer. If he has an affinity with the dead, he may not even need the goat, if he's powerful enough."

>

Wesley said, "But, I thought the affinity to the dead gift was only a myth. I mean, I've read cases of it in different Journals, like children raising up dead pets by accident without a spell, but they could be a hoax."

>

Angel shook his head. Cordelia asked, "What are you two talking about? Hello! I don't know about this stuff."

>

Angel bent down and whispered to her, "Zombies, in cases where they are risen by a human, not a demon, need life to get animated. So, that's where the sacrifice of goats, sometimes chickens, comes in. The more zombies you raise, the bigger the death you need. Also, zombies eat flesh and blood. They need that to live. Through they have no mind, but, eventually, the necromancer will loose control of them if they don't let them feed. But, if a human gets bit by a zombie, they become one."

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"Sounds like fun," Cordelia sarcastically chirped.

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Then, the necromancer looked up at them. "Oh, no, Angel, he's spotted us," Wesley nervously pointed out.

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By the look in the necromancer's icy eyes, Angel knew that he had known that they were here the whole time. The necromancer smiled and said, "Actually, I've known you were here when the first zombie was raised. I had a hell of a time controlling him because he wanted to

eat two of you."
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Cordelia shouted at him, "Well, you can tell your sick corpse to burn in Hell!"
>

Angel put a hand on Cordy's arm to calm her. He asked, "Who are you?"
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The necromancer smiled and bowed his slender, gangly frame. He answered, "Logan. Just call me Logan."
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"Why are you doing this?" Angel asked as he indicated the zombies.
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Logan smiled and replied by asking, "Why were you waiting for me? How did you know that I was going to do this?"
>

>

Wesley answered the question, "We have this uncanny ability to know when evil is afoot."
>

Logan's laughter echoed among the headstones. "You English people are freaky," the boy said to them.
>

"How dare you," Wesley began, starting toward the necromancer with his axe ready.
>

Angel grabbed him when the zombies started to move. Logan smiled and said, "Now, my zombies gotta eat or they'll turn on me. No offence dudes, but I don't wanna end up zombie chow."
>

They moved in slow, sluggish movements, staggering toward the three in a circle. Angel spun his sword at the ready. He told Wesley and Cordelia, "Remember, go for the head and don't let them bite you. Stay as far back as you can." They both nodded. Angel stepped in front of them, overwhelmed by the scent of rotting flesh. The zombies slowly advanced with their arms outstretched, like in all those cheesy horror movies that Angel despised.
>

Angel tensed up and charged right into the fray of the dead. They ignored him. He wasn't food. That suited Angel just fine. He swung his sword as he made the first pass. Heads rolled. He growled and spun around, charging them from behind. He took some more heads. The zombies, now sensing a threat, turned to attack him.
>

Cordelia aimed her crossbow and shot one of the zombies in his forehead. The creature fell to the ground. She followed suit with a few more. Wesley was hacking away at them like there was no tomorrow.

His axe crushed one skull before chopping a head off. This was easy, so far, but there were too many for any of them to fight.

>

Angel felt one of the zombies grab his leg and bit him, hard. Angel snarled, his face morphing to the feral features of the vampire. He kicked it off, sending its head rolling on the grass. The bodies were so fragile that Angel could render them apart with his bear hands, but the sword was much easier and quicker. He continued to behead the creatures as he headed for Logan.

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Cordelia watched Angel as he kicked a zombie's head off. She was impressed. She aimed, fired and got another zombie with her crossbow. Then, she felt something grab her hair and pull. She cried out as she fell to the ground.

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Zombies crowded around her, touching her hair and clothing, leaving a nasty residue on them.

>

There were two things you never do to Cordelia Chase: Mess with her hair and mess with her clothing. That's what the zombies just did.

>

"Get the f*** off me, you discussing sons of bitches!" she snarled as she kicked one off of her and stood up. She reached behind her back and pulled out an axe that she carried for an emergency this night from its sheath. She narrowed her eyes at them and cried out, "Never mess with my hair or clothing, you rotting pieces of shit!"

>

Then she charged at them, giving them her full fury.

>

The zombies didn't have a chance against the very angry Queen C.

>

Wesley cried out as the zombies knocked him to the ground. They crouched slowly down beside him, and one was about to take a bite when its head was chopped off. Another zombie was kicked off of him, and more were pushed and beheaded. Cordelia stood protectively over Wesley and snapped, "Okay, you damn, nasty losers, I've had ENOUGH! NO ONE MESSES WITH MY FRIENDS!"

>

She charged at them, and Wesley could only watch open mouthed. She gave them no quarter. She went at them head on with full fury. She took heads and sliced through skulls. She took out most of the zombies around them. The others lurked fearfully, not knowing if they should charge or flee.

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"Come get some," Cordelia quipped as she beheaded the zombies with a finger. They mulled around and watched her fearfully. Wesley was definitely impressed. She looked at Wesley and asked, "Hey Wes, are you gonna get up or not?"

>

Wesley got up and embarrassedly answering, "Yes, of course."
>

"We gotta go help Angel," she told him as she ran through the zombies. Wesley followed suit.
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Angel got to the necromancer. Logan looked at him intently. "You're a vampire," he said in wonder.
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"Yeah, so, you're a necromancer," Angel replied as he stepped up to the young man.
>

Logan said, "Amazing. I would have never thought I would run into one of you."
>

"Well, I guess this is your lucky day then," Angel told him as he rushed at him.
>

Logan replied, "Yeah, it is. I'm gonna see if I can control *you*."
>

Angel smirked at him and said, "You can try, boy." Then he dropped his sword and grabbed the taller boy by the throat.
>

Logan choked as Angel squeezed. Angel asked him calmly, "Why did you raise an entire graveyard?"
>

Logan's laughter was choked as he answered, "Because, L.A.'s gonna be mine."
>

Angel rolled his eyes and punched him. He told him, "Wrong choice of words there, boy."
>

Logan grinned and waved his wrist. Angel felt his power, but ignored it. His muscles began to lock up anyway. Angel growled and, annoyed, snapped the boy's neck. He let Logan's corpse crumble to the ground. He felt the power rush away. He turned to look to see all of the zombies crumble to the ground.
>

Cordelia and Wesley watched in disbelief as the corpses crumbled. Both were worse for wear, but, they were unbitten, so they were all right. Angel noticed all of the zombies with severed heads or split skulls. Cordelia waved her emergency axe at him. Wesley wearily smiled at him as Angel walked to him.
>

Cordelia indicated the severed heads and said, "They touched my hair."

Now I'm gonna be washing out zombie grime for the next month. And lets not forget about my clothing." She ran her hand along the damaged garment. Angel smiled and shook his head. Some things would never change.

>

He said, "I actually feel sorry for them, then."

>

"Please," she replied as she started to walk out of the graveyard. Wesley caught up with her. Angel looked at the bodies for a moment. The necromancer would be real trouble if he could control vampires, but, with his neck snapped, he wasn't going to be any trouble anymore. He caught up with the two humans.

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Wesley asked, "What are we going to do with the bodies?"

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Angel shrugged and replied, "The grounds keeper can handle it tomorrow morning."

>

Wesley rolled his eyes in shock and replied, "Good lord Angel, the poor man."

>

Cordelia blew strands of hair out of her face and said, "Well, at least he didn't have to fight the things. Besides, L.A. always has a way of hiding things from people. No one's gonna find out."

>

"Except the grounds keeper," Angel told her. They both shrugged at that. Wesley shook his head in disbelief.

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Cordelia took a last glance and said, "Hail to the king, baby."

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The End.

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End
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